

# THE LITERARY CASKET: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever.—When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away, when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand: on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope or support, because they were too feeble themselves, we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are moving towards it, but it is fixed, and never can be disturbed.—*Greenwood.*

Devotion is a delicate and tender plant; as much as it is her duty and interest to be possessed of it, it is not easily acquired, neither can it be carelessly maintained. It must be long tended, diligently cultivated and affectionately cherished, before it will have struck its roots so deep as to grow up and flourish in our hearts; and all along, till it attains to its perfect vigor and maturity in Heaven, it needs to be defended from the adverse influences of "things seen and temporal," of a vain imagination and an earthly mind.—*Mrs. Cappe.*

*Marriage.*—I would fain hear from those marriage haters but a shadow of reason; why I should not pronounce a modest wife the greatest of human blessings. She is the safety of that house whose affairs she administers. She is the tender and faithful nurse of your children. She is the joy of your health and your cure and relief in sickness, the partner of your good fortune and comfort in your bad. She soothes and breaks the headlong violence of youth, and tempers the morose austerity of age. Will any one offer to persuade us that the education

of children, which are the very images of our bodies and pictures of our minds, and in whom we see as it were our very selves born again anew, affords not a delight since to the last degree? or that it is no satisfaction when we come to obey the laws of fate, to see a son of our own to whom we can bequeath those honours and possessions of our families which we received from our parents.—*Savages' Letters of the Ancients.*

*Religion in females.*—Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, prompts her peace, endears her friendship, secures esteem, and adds a dignity and a worth indescribable, to all her deeds. How sweet! when a mistress of a family is the handmaid of the Lord—when the mother of children is an example of piety—when the wife of the bosom is espoused to the Redeemer! how desirable that the daughter be a chaste virgin of Christ! that the sister lean on his arm, who sticketh closer than a brother! that the songsters of the temple belong to the heavenly choir! How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place, that they guard the interest and health of his heaven-born companion and the children of the covenant! When about to leave her a widow, and commit to her exclusive care his helpless offspring, how consoling, if her character is such that she can lean on the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of Him, who is the Father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by hope that he shall meet them all in heaven.

Religion has a peculiar sweetness, when it mingles with the modest softness of the female character. So the dew-drop borrows odour and color from the rose.

Females need the comforts, the hopes and the prospects of religion, more if possible, than the other sex. Subjected to the trials of disobedience, and the weakness of a feebler constitution, their state when raised by improvement, and propped with Christian consolations, is still a state of subjection and pain. Suppose one of your number yoked to a husband of acid temper, and the prey of disappointment and disease, where but from Heaven, does there dawn upon her one beam of light. But, if she can look upward and descry a place of rest when the toils of life are finished—a home where she may be happy, a friend who will ever be kind, and a na-

ture raised above fatigue, and pain and death—then, while the pains of living are softened by the hope of dying—and earth blotted out by the glories of heaven, she may exercise patience and submission, till the time appointed for her release. Thus religion fills the cup with pleasure, that was full of gall; converts the veriest hovel into a palace, and adapting the spirit of its lodgement, makes it happy. Thus we hope of heaven, if that hope was a dream, smooths her passage to the tomb, and renders religion essential to her happiness.

## SCIENTIFIC.

*On preserving Fruit-Trees from frost and Insects.*—"There is an article in the last 'American Farmer', on the subject of preserving fruit-trees from frost. It is there asserted, that if fruit-trees be enveloped with straw, or hempen robes, and the lower ends of the robes be put into tubs of water, that the trees will not be injured by the frost. I should like to ascertain the truth of the experiment before I reasoned on it. I wish you would get the editor of the *Franklin Journal* to interest himself in this thing; it might produce a discussion of the subject, which might be very beneficial, as it is one of great importance. My own trees, should they remain untouched by late frosts, will, this year, produce me upwards of two thousand dollars, although they are yet young.

"I am preparing to make small bon-fires, as I think that smoke will be an effectual preventive, and am determined to try it. It however, will be troublesome to attend as many little mounds of burning tan, as three thousand trees will require. If I am unable to test it upon the whole, I shall, if possible, protect my peach trees.

"Inquire whether pure oxygen gas escapes from burning salt-petre; and if so, what effect would the disengagement of as much as would proceed from the burning of twenty pounds have upon an area of ten acres?

"Would the gas from the burning of salt-petre and sulphur be destructive to the insect tribes, or only to dislodge them?"

The above queries and suggestions, are extracted from letters, recently received from a gentleman of Philadelphia from his correspond-

ent, an individual of great intelligence, practically engaged in rural affairs, and who has introduced some valuable improvements, in the economic arts; and in reply to them, the respectable editor of the Franklin Journal, Dr. Thomas P. Jones, makes the following judicious remarks:

The mode of preserving trees from frost, above suggested, has been frequently tried, and some have declared it to be effectual. Many vague notions respecting the conducting power of the rope, in relation either to heat or to electricity, have been brought forward, to account for the supposed fact; but, certainly, by those who have little or no knowledge of the laws which govern these agents; as the rope would, in either case, be a miserable conductor; and even were it a good one, it is not perceived what aid this would give towards explaining the imagined phenomenon. It would require numerous and well authenticated experiments, to shake the conviction of the editor, that the whole is one of those errors, which, having been once disseminated is very difficult to eradicate.

The efficacy of the proposed bon-fires, is much less problematical; a slight difference in the exposure of a tree, determines its fate, on a frosty night, and of course a slight elevation of temperature in its atmosphere, would frequently avert the danger; fires of tan, of turf, or of any smouldering combustible, made to windward, would sometimes answer the purpose: not however, from the smoke, but from the heated air, which would accompany it.

With respect to the query on burning salt-petre; we, in the first place remark, that salt-petre will not burn; that it belongs to the class of beings denominated incombustible.

It contains, it is true, a large quantity of oxygen, which it readily imparts to heated combustibles, with which it is in contact;—thus, if we throw a portion on burning coals, the combustion will be brilliant and rapid, because the salt-petre supplies the coals with oxygen, more abundantly than they would obtain it from the air; the product of the combustion, however, will not be altered, carbonic acid, or fixed air, being disengaged in either case. When oxygen is obtained from salt-petre, the material must be kept from contact with the fuel, by being placed in an earthen or iron vessel, when the salt will be decomposed, the heat disengaging the oxygen, in the gaseous state. Supposing all this to be done, the disengaged gas would still produce no other effect, than that of heated atmospheric air.

Salt-petre and sulphur, burnt together, would be less effectual in destroying insects, than sulphur burnt alone, or mixed up with saw-dust, tan, &c.—Sulphur burnt without salt-petre, is converted into a gas, (sulphurous acid,) which is destructive of animal life, and will kill the insect tribes, if they are completely subjected to its action, as, when applied below one of their nests; but when much diluted with atmospheric air, its effects are but partial.

Sulphur, when burnt in contact with salt-petre, receives from it a full supply of oxygen, and is then converted into sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol,) which is a dense liquid, not at all calculated to promote the intended effect.—*London Tech. Rep.*

*On the confinement of dry gases over Mercury.*—The results of an experiment made by Mr. Faraday, and quoted as such, having been deemed of sufficient interest to be doubted, he has been induced to repeat it, and though the original experiment was not published by him, he is inclined to put the latter and more careful one upon record, because of the strong illustration it affords of the difficulty of confining dry gases over mercury alone. Two volumes of hydrogen gas were mixed with one volume of oxygen gas, in a jar over the mercurial trough, and fused chloride of lime introduced for the purpose of removing hygrometric water. Three glass-bottles, of about three ounces capacity each, were selected for the accuracy with which their glass stoppers had been ground into them; they were well cleaned and dried, no grease being allowed upon the stopper. The mixture of gases was transferred into these bottles over the mercurial trough, until they were about four-fifths full, the rest of the space being occupied by the mercury. The stoppers were then replaced as tightly as could be, the bottles put into glasses in an inverted position, and mercury poured round the stoppers and necks, until it rose considerably above them, though not quite so high as the level of the mercury within. Thus arranged they were put into a cup-board, which happened to be dark, and were sealed up. This was done on June 28, 1825, and on September 15, 1826, after a lapse of fifteen months, they were examined. The seals were unbroken, and the bottles found exactly as they were left, the mercury still being higher on the inside than the outside. One of them was taken to the mercurial trough, and part of its gaseous contents transferred; upon examination it proved to be common air, no traces of the original mixture of oxygen and hydrogen remaining in the

bottle. A second was examined in the same manner; it proved to contain an explosive mixture. A portion of the gas introduced into a tube with a piece of spongy platina caused a dull ignition of the platina; no explosion took place, but a diminution to rather less than one-half.—The residue supported combustion a little better than common air. It would appear, therefore, that nearly a half of the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen had escaped from it, and been replaced by common air. The third bottle, examined in a similar manner, yielded also an explosive mixture, and upon trial was found to contain nearly two-fifths of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, the rest being a very little better in oxygen than common air.

There is no good reason for supposing that this capability of escape between glass and mercury is confined to the mixture here experimented with; probably every other gas, having no action on the mercury or the glass, would have made its way out in the same manner.—There is every reason for believing that a small quantity of grease round the stoppers would have made them perfectly tight.—*Journal of Science.*

## MISCELLANY.

*Mademoiselle Sontag, the celebrated Parisian Actress.*—It is said, in fact, that the delight which Paris has felt from the presence of Mademoiselle Sontag is due to a romantic passion which a young Nobleman, heir to one of the first families in Prussia, had conceived for her. The story is as follows:—The young Count of—no sooner saw Mademoiselle Sontag at the Theatre of Berlin than he became desperately enamored of her; his heart, his fortune, and his hand were offered to her, but she rejected every overture except he could obtain the consent of his family. The young count having received from his father a formal refusal, fell into a state of torpid melancholy, from which nothing could arouse him: he renewed his entreaties to the lady, but with no better success than before, and at length wrote his father that, not wishing to act contrary to his commands, and at the same time being unable to support life without the object of his love, he was determined to free himself from pain by putting an end to his existence. On the receipt of this letter, the father, who was strongly attached to his only son, and no less strongly attached to the prejudices which the ancient German nobility contrive to unite with great simplicity of manners, answered his son in a letter, conceived in the most touching terms, nothing he said, could induce him to consent that any dishonor should be thrown on his name during his lifetime by an



improper alliance; but as the term of his life was approaching near its close, it would better become him to wait a little longer, and that if the Count persisted in his projects he would soon find liberty to execute them. The young Count, without renouncing his love, sacrificed it to a more sacred duty, when at length the whole affair reached the ear of the King of Prussia, who is much attached to the old nobleman. His majesty commanded his attendance, and not participating at all in his prejudices of birth, observed to him that if, as was generally reported, the conduct of Mademoiselle Sontag was irreproachable and even exemplary, he could see no dishonor in the alliance, since the Count's passion was so violent; that it was not the first time that the heir of a great man had an actress to his own rank, but that it would be necessary to submit to the young people, one to the proof of absence the other to the trial of temptation to levity.

The King of Prussia, it appears, is well acquainted with the dangers to be met with in a large city, for to Paris he was determined Mademoiselle Sontag should go, and certainly she has not wanted admirers there. It is also said that emissaries are despatched to watch secretly her conduct and behavior, and that no imprudence or levity escaped her which could furnish the slightest pretext for a sinister report. Such is the story told of Mademoiselle Sontag.—*Lous. Gaz.*

#### INTERESTING ANTIQUITIES OF POMPEII.

Amongst the curious and interesting objects which have been discovered, during the subterranean search which has been lately made at Pompeii, four drinking glasses were found, some of them containing olives in a perfect state of preservation as those of the last year's gathering. These olives are said to be not only entire and whole, but soft and juicy, resembling in shape that species which is known by the denomination of Spanish olives. Their odour is somewhat rancid and strong, with that acrimoniousness of taste, producing a sharp and astringent sensation on the tongue. Some of these olives have been analysed, and the rest have been deposited in the Museum, in the identical glasses in which they have been found.

**Church in Bremen.**—A letter from Rev. Mr. Kurtz, a Lutheran minister now in Europe, published in the New York Christian Advocate, states that there is a Lutheran Church at Bremen, Germany, three hundred feet long, of a proportionable width, with a steeple seven stories high, exclusive of the spire. The congregation embraces twenty eight thousand souls, and has four clergyman and one assistant. Under the building is a cellar in which are a number of dead bodies in a state of preservation, although they have

been deposited there two hundred years. "With my own eyes," says Mr. K. "I saw the bodies in full as they were centuries ago. The entrails are dried away, but the external parts are yet complete; and even the caps with which they were interred two hundred years ago, and other parts of the grave clothes, are in a state of perfect preservation." These bodies are not mummies, but are preserved by the peculiar nature of the atmosphere.

Mr. K. says there is a wine cellar in Bremen containing some wine that is several centuries old.

**Origin of the city of London.**—London is first mentioned as a Roman settlement, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 61, when it was the residence of a great many merchants and dealers. Long before their taking possession of it, it was a village of the Belgic Britons, who were a mixed race of Gauls and Germans, but more German than Gaelic. It was built in a wood, fortified with ramparts and ditches, and thence its name, Lund, or The Wood, and Lundnuyn, the fortified wood, or hill. It is indebted to no splendid origin or adventitious aid, except being the seat of the government, but has risen to its present grandeur and opulence by its intrinsic merits, the advantages of its situation, and the industry, and commercial spirit of its inhabitants. The Romans soon discovered its convenient situation for a military station, and established a magazine of stores and provisions there, A. C. 51.

It was the original intention of the New England Pilgrims to have settled in the northern parts of Virginia. But being fraudulently dealt with by the master of the vessel in which they sailed, they were landed on Cape Cod, and finally formed a settlement at Plymouth.

**Shopping.**—Going a shopping is one of the most serious occupations that a young lady has got. It is a sort of exhibition. I went a shopping the other day with a third cousin of mine, who touched at twenty-eight last Saturday, to my certain knowledge, who still looks the amiable as much as if she were only sixteen. She told me she wanted to look at some silk goods, but hang me if I could ever find out what particular kind she desired. I observed in my peregrinations, that she always went into those stores which had the most customers. She would ask to look at a piece of ribbon, then leave that for a piece of muslin or any thing else on the counter. In the interval she looked four times into the haberdasher's mirror, told a few anecdotes of the last water party—said she spent a dull week in Trenton, and was buried alive in Catskill—"or rather," said she, looking innocently, "I was like Percival's piece of ice on the top of the Pine Orchard, that turned into a smil-

ing face and a broken heart." "Oh! certainly," said I, "ice enough, I'll warrant you." I observe that all the shopkeepers look grim whenever my cousin makes her appearance.—*Nat. Adv.*

**The works of John Paul Ritcaer** are almost unintelligible to any but Germans, and even to some of them. A worthy German, just before Ritcaer's death, edited a complete edition of his works, in which one particular passage fairly puzzled him. Determined to have it explained at the source, he went to John Paul himself, and asked him what was the meaning of the mysterious passage. John Paul's reply was very German and characteristic. "My good friend," said he, "when I wrote that passage, God and I knew what it meant. It is possible that God knows it still; but as for me, I have totally forgotten."

**Executions in Spain.**—The executioner places the head of the culprit between his own thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting, *a doli tourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and rising himself up and down, (as one does in a hard trot) to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spaniards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch sooner out of misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must be produced on the miserable sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the time that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if the two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

A broker in New Orleans lately sold a seegar maker a hog'shead of tobacco. On taking out the head, it was found to be of good substantial red oak, three and a half inches thick; and on being put into the scales, it weighed no less than ninety pounds!

## THE REPOSITORY.

## A TALE OF HORROR.

The son of a very rich nobleman, whom I shall now designate only by his Christian name, Felippo, had, during his residence at Leghorn—which town he had visited on account of some inheritance that devolved on him—paid his addresses to a beautiful young girl, obtained the consent of her relations, and being for the present under the necessity of revisiting Venice, he promised that he would in a very short time, come again to Leghorn, in order to celebrate a marriage with his beloved Clara. Their attachment seemed mutual: and their parting was even frightfully solemn. After they had exhausted the power of words in reciprocal protestations and vows, Felippo invoked the avenging powers of darkness to bring destruction on his head if he should be unfaithful, and wished that his intended bride should not even find rest in the grave if he deserted her, but follow him still to claim his love, and extort it from him in another world. When these words were uttered, Clara's parents were seated at the table with all the lovers. They recollected their own early life, and did not attempt to stop these romantic effusions, which at last were carried so far, that the young people both wounded themselves in the left arm, and mingled their blood in a glass of white champagne. "Inseparable as these red drops have now become, shall our souls and our fates be forever?" cried Felippo. He drank half the wine, and gave the rest to Clara, who pledged him without hesitation.

On his return to Venice, a young beauty had just made her appearance there, who had hitherto been educated in a distant convent, but now suddenly emerged like an angel from the clouds, and excited the admiration of the whole city. Felippo's parents, who had heard of Clara, but looked on his adventure with her as only one of those love affairs which may be made up one day and forgotten on the next, introduced their son to this young stranger. Camilla, for this was her name, was distinguished not only for her beauty, but for her wealth and high birth.—Representations were made to Felippo, what influence he might gain in the state by means of an alliance with her. The licentious gaiety of the carnival, which now drew on, favoured his addresses; and in a short time the recollection of his engagement at Leghorn was almost banished from his mind.

The day of their marriage arrives, which is, however, put off by the sudden illness of the Clergyman; and the day is devoted to solemn festival and betrothing.

Already, at an early hour in the morning, the gondoliers, in their gayest apparel, were in waiting; and a brilliant party, with bands of music, all rejoicing in confident expecta-

tions, set out on their voyage to the bride's country house. At the dinner banquet, which was protracted late in the evening, rings were, as usual, interchanged between the lovers; but no sooner had that ceremony taken place, than a most horrible piercing shriek was heard by the whole party with astonishment—by the bridegroom with a cold shuddering through every limb. Every one started up and ran to the windows, for the voice seemed to come from without; but, though the twilight still rendered objects visible, it was impossible to discover any cause for this extraordinary alarm.

Soon after this unaccountable disturbance, I happened to request of the bride, who sat opposite to me, that I might be allowed to look again at her marriage ring, which was of very beautiful workmanship; she nodded assent, but, to her great consternation, it was no longer on her finger. Search was diligently made—all rose to give their assistance for that purpose but in vain; the ring was irretrievably gone! The hour meanwhile drew near at which the evening amusements were to commence. The masked ball was to be preceded by a very brilliant display of fireworks on the river. The party arrayed themselves, in the first place, in their fancy dresses, and entered their gondolas. But the silence that prevailed among them all, was, on such an occasion, most extraordinary; they could not possibly recover their spirits. The fireworks were admirable, yet notwithstanding their success, only a feeble 'bravo' was heard now and then among the spectators. The ball, too, was one of the most brilliant that I had ever witnessed. The dresses were magnificent, and so loaded with diamonds, that the light of the countless wax candles was reflected through the room a thousand fold. The bride, however, excelled every one in this display, and her father delighted himself with the conviction that no one could compete with his beloved and only daughter. As if to be more thoroughly convinced on this point, he went through the room looking at the ornaments worn by the other masks, till, all at once, he was struck with astonishment on discovering that jewels of the same fashion and lustre were worn by two ladies, his daughter and a stranger, at the same time! He confessed to me afterwards, that he was weak enough to feel his pride hurt at this occurrence. His only consolation was to reflect, that however rich these jewels were, they would be surpassed out of all measure by a wreath of diamonds and rubies which was to be worn by Camilla at the supper table.

When the supper party had at length assembled, the old gentleman made his remarks as before, the strange lady to his utter consternation, made her appearance with a wreath precisely like that of his daughter. His curiosity now got the better almost of his

politeness, and as she still wore the mask, he could not help addressing her with these words, 'Fair lady, might I venture so great a liberty as to ask your name?' The incognita, however, shook her head with a mournful, abstracted air, and did not answer him one word. At the same time, the house steward came and wished to know whether the party had been increased in number, as the covers appointed for the dinner table were now found insufficient. His master answered in the negative, and in a tone of much irritation, insisted that the servants must have made some blunder. The steward on the contrary, maintained that he was perfectly correct. Another cover was laid accordingly, and on counting the guests, it was found that there was one more than the number that had been invited. As he had a little while before, in consequence of some careless expressions, rendered himself obnoxious to interferences of the police officers, he thought this addition to his party must have been caused by them. Being perfectly satisfied that nothing would at present take place in his house on which the police could make any remarks, he determined in his own mind, to avoid any disturbance of the present festivity. It would be better, he thought, to represent to the government afterwards the insult they had inflicted on him; therefore, while most of his guests had thrown off their masks, he deferred his intended proposal that they should all do so till the close of the entertainment. Universal admiration was excited by the extraordinary luxury displayed at this final banquet. In the variety and excellence of his wines, our host surpassed all that had been hitherto known at Venice, and yet he was not satisfied. He lamented especially that a misfortune had happened to his red champagne, so that he could not produce a single glass of that liquor. At this time the party seemed well disposed to make up, as fast as possible, for want of joviality and high spirits which they had betrayed through the preceding entertainments. Only in my neighbourhood, (I mean where I sat at table,) it fell out very differently. We had only one unanimous feeling, that of curiosity, which completely triumphed over every other. I was placed near the lady who wore jewels exactly resembling those of the bride, and observed that, besides never touching food or wine, she did not vouchsafe to return a single word when spoken to by the other guests; but, meanwhile, kept her looks constantly fixed on Felippo and his bride who sat together. Her presence and strange conduct could not possibly remain unobserved, and the remarks that were, by degrees, spread about from one guest to another, once more damped the spirits of conviviality which, for a short time had been revived.

There arose a whispering all around the table, and the prevailing opinion was, that an unfortunate attachment to the bridegroom



must be the cause of the incognita's eccentric manners. However this might be, those who were nearest to her at the supper-table left their places on the first opportunity offered for a change, and sought elsewhere for a more agreeable situation. Afterwards, however, many of the party assembled around her for the sole purpose of discovering who she really was, expecting that after all she would unmask, and prove to be a well known friend—but in vain! At last when white champagne was handed round, the bridegroom drew near, taking the chair next but one to the silent lady; and now, indeed, she seemed to be more animated; at last she turned round toward her new neighbour when he addressed her, which she had never done to any one else, and even offered her glass as if she wished him to drink out of it.

It was visible, however, that by her attentions, Felippo had been excessively agitated. He held up the glass in his left hand trembling like an aspen leaf, pointed to it, and said, 'How comes it that the wine is red? I thought we had no red champagne.' 'Red,' said the bride's father, who had drawn near, with his curiosity stretched to the utmost; 'what can you mean?' 'Look only at the lady's glass,' answered Felippo.—'Well, it is filled with white wine, like all the rest,' said the old gentlemen; and he called the bystanders to witness, who, with one voice, declared the wine to be white. Felippo would not drink it however; and when the silent lady turned round on him a second time, he trembled even more than before, insomuch that he quitted his place at table, took his host aside, and when they had conversed for some time privately, the latter, having taken his resolution, addressed himself in a loud voice to the company: 'For reasons,' said he, 'which are afterwards to be explained, I must request, as a particular favour, that all my worthy friends now present will, for a moment, take off their masks.'

As in these words he only expressed a general wish, his request was complied with in an instant—every countenance was uncovered, that of the silent lady excepted, on whom the looks of the whole party were turned with an expression of disappointment and suspicion. 'You are the only mask left among us,' said the host after a long pause; 'dare I not hope that you will indulge me so far?' She persisted, however, in the same coldness of manner, and remained incognita. This vexed the old gentleman so much the more, as he discovered, among the rest, without exception, all the friends that he had invited; so that this lady was, without any doubt, the individual who had been unexpectedly added to their number. At the same time he did not venture to force a removal of the disguise, as the extraordinary value of her jewels took away all his suspicions that a spy of

the police had intruded himself, and he would not run the risk of offending a person who was evidently of high rank. She might, perhaps, be some acquaintance who had arrived suddenly at Venice—heard of his brilliant entertainment, and, as a harmless jest, resolved to make one at the masquerade without being discovered.

Meanwhile it was thought right at all events, to make some enquiries among the servants, but, notwithstanding the number of strange lacqueys and female attendants that were at the villa, none could be found that would acknowledge this lady for their mistress; nor could any one of his household recollect when or how she arrived; and their ignorance was the more unaccountable, as the lady must have retired to her toilet in order to put on the beautiful wreath with which she appeared at the supper table. The mysterious whispering which had for some time supplied the place of all lively conversation, now became more remarkable; when the lady suddenly rose from the place, waved her hand, and nodded to the bridegroom then retreated towards the door. The bride, however, would not suffer him to follow, for she had long observed the attention with which the incognita had regarded him. Nor had it escaped Camilla's notice, that he had been frightfully agitated when he was offered the glass of wine; and she began to fear that some mad attachment to Felippo had been the cause of this extraordinary scene. In spite of all her objections, however, she could not prevent her father from following the unknown; and when she had got beyond the door he redoubled his pace in order to keep up with her. But at that moment, the same horrible shriek which had been heard during the dinner banquet, was repeated with an effect tenfold more frightful amid the stillness of the night; and when our host had got beyond the outer gateway, not a trace was to be found of the mysterious visitor. The people in attendance there, knew nothing of her; and though the banks of the river were crowded with gondoliers, not one could acknowledge even to have seen her. These events had such an effect on the whole company, that they had only one desire, that of returning to their own homes as fast as possible; and the old gentleman was forced to order the gondolas to be in readiness at a much earlier hour than he had intended. They departed, accordingly, in a mood very different from that in which they had arrived in the morning. The following morning I found Felippo and his bride again in their usual spirits. He now began to think, as she did, that the incognita was some unfortunate person crossed with hopeless love; and as to the frightful cry that had twice alarmed the party, it might have been only an absurd trick of some intoxicated gondolier. It was not so easy to account for the lady's arrival and departure without being observed;

but this, too, might be explained by the bustle that prevailed, and inattention of the porters. As to the disappearance of the wedding ring, it could only be supposed that some one among the servants had slight-of-hand and dishonesty enough to conjure it into his own pocket, from whence of course it would not be recovered. In short, they seemed resolved to overlook all difficulties and objections that might have been made to these explanations, and were only distressed that the priest, who should have come to pronounce a blessing on their contract, was now declared to be at the point of death; and on account of the old friendship subsisting between him and my friend's family, they could not properly think of the final ceremonies being performed within the very week after his decease. On the day of the clergyman's funeral, however, a fearful check was given to Felippo's levity and high spirits. A letter arrived from Clara's mother, informing him that her unhappy daughter had, in her grief and disappointment, died for the sake of her faithless lover! moreover, that she had declared in her last moments, that she would not rest in her grave till she had compelled him to fulfil his promises. This alone made such an impression on Felippo, that the wretched mother's maledictions were superfluous. He found also that the mysterious shriek, which had been heard when the rings were exchanged, had been uttered precisely at the hour and minute of the poor girl's death. He was forced also to believe, however unwillingly, that the unknown lady had been his forsaken Clara's ghost, and this thought deprived him at times of all self-possession. Henceforward he always carried the letter about with him, and sometimes drew it unconsciously from his pocket, and started at its agonizing pages. Even Camilla's presence could not always prevent this; and as she of course ascribed his agitation to the paper which he thus impolitely and silently perused, she availed herself of an opportunity when he had let it drop on the floor, and seemed quite lost in thought, to examine without ceremony, what had caused him such distress. Felippo did not awake from his reverie till she had perused the letter, and was folding it up, with her countenance deadly pale, so that she must have fully understood her own painful situation. He then threw himself at her feet, in a mood of the sincerest repentance, conjuring her to tell him what he ought to do. 'Only let your affection for me be more constant than it was for this poor unfortunate,' said Camilla; and he vowed this from his inmost heart.

But his inquietude constantly increased; and when the day of their marriage at last arrived, became almost quite overpowering. When according to the old fashion of the Venetians, he went in the twilight before day-break to the residence of his bride, he could

not help believing, all the way, that Clara's ghost was walking by his side. Indeed no loving couple were ever accompanied to their altar, by such fearful omens as those which now took place. At the request of Camilla's parents, I was there in attendance as a witness, and I have never since forgot the horrors of that morning. We were advancing in profound silence towards the church deila Solute, but already in the streets. Felippo whispered to me several times, that I should keep away that strange woman, as he feared that she had some design upon his bride. 'What strange woman?' said I, in astonishment. 'Not so loud—for God's sake be cautious!' answered he; 'you see, no doubt, how she is always endeavouring to force herself betwixt me and Camilla.' 'Mere phantasies my good friend' said I; 'there is no one here but our own party.' 'God grant that my eyes have deceived me!' he replied; 'only don't let her go with us into the church!' added he, 'when we arrive at the door.' 'Certainly not,' said I; and to the great astonishment of the bride's parents, I made gestures as if I were ordering some one away. In the church we found Felippo's father, on whom his son looked as if he were taking leave of him forever. Camilla sobbed aloud, and when the bridegroom called out,—'So then, this strange woman has come in with us after all?'—it was thought doubtful whether under such circumstances, the marriage could be performed. Camilla, however, said in her changeless affection, 'Nay, nay, since he is in this unhappy state, he has more need of my care and constant presence.' Now they drew near to the altar, where a gust of wind suddenly extinguished the candles. The priest was angry that the sacristan had not closed the windows; but Felippo exclaimed, 'the windows indeed! do you not see who stands here, and who just now carefully and designedly extinguished the lights?' Every one looked confounded; but Felippo went on hastily, breaking away from his bride. 'Do you not see, too, who is just forcing me away from Camilla?' At these words the bride sunk fainting into her mother's arms, and the clergyman declared that, under such impressions as these, it was absolutely impossible for him to proceed with the ceremony. The relations on both sides looked on Felippo's situation as an attack of sudden madness; but it was not long before they changed this opinion, for he now fainted as Camilla had done. Convulsions followed, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a few moments their concern for him was at an end. Notwithstanding every effort made to assist him, he expired.

To laugh at deformed persons is inhumane, if not impious; we are not our own carvers; what perfection the best have, is not the effect of their own care, but of divine goodness.

## THE LITERARY CASKET.

The present number completes the volume, and will close the publication of this work. It was undertaken, and has been conducted amidst numerous difficulties, some of which were anticipated and had caused the failure of all similar periodicals in Connecticut. The want of sufficient patronage to yield a reasonable profit, compels us to discontinue. We might say something of promises unfulfilled by many, from whom we expected assistance in contributing to its columns; but we have finished this volume, and with it our labours, and our anxieties. It has been our constant endeavour to give pleasure and satisfaction to our readers, and if we have failed, it was not from want of a disposition to amuse and interest them. To those who have patronized our efforts, we render our grateful acknowledgments for past favors, and shall remember the interest they have taken in our behalf, with affection and friendship. As the work is discontinued, we shall expect all arrears to be closed without delay. Most of our subscribers are residents of other states, and their prompt attention to this call is expected.

### C. M. O. A. No. 4.

"Tho' nature weigh our talents, and dispense  
To every man his medium of sense,  
And conversation in its better part  
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art;  
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,  
On culture, and the sowing of the soil."—Cowper.

There is nothing which more plainly discovers a diversity of talents in man than conversation. Some will talk for hours on any subject; others will talk for the same length of time about nothing. I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why some should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than others. It may in certain cases arise from the fact, that some think more clearly and more rapidly than others. It may also proceed from a cultivation of the talent of conversation. When we hear a man speak fluently, and at the same time correctly, we may safely infer that this is owing if not entirely, in a great measure to an habitual attention to his words. Some men may acquire this fluent and correct manner of speaking, more easily than others; but I may venture to say, it is attainable by all except where there is a natural impediment of speech. There is not so great a disparity in the natural talents of men as some imagine. We may here and there see a man rise above the crowd in any acquirement, without much apparent exertion. But we see many more sink below the ordinary level, by neglecting the talents which nature has given them. The ma-

jority of those who distinguish themselves in any pursuit, obtain this distinction by diligent and persevering exertion. The faculty of speech, so much abused and perverted by many, is one of the most valuable blessings conferred upon man. Without this, reason would be a solitary, if not an unavailing principle. Yet how many who employ this faculty either to no purpose, or to the disgrace of rational creatures. Some seem almost destitute of the power of being silent; their tongues are like a race-horse which runs faster the less weight it carries.

"Still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease."

The remark of the Irishman was very just, who told the woman who was addicted to perpetual loquacity, 'he believed her tongue must be glad when she was asleep, for it had not a moment's rest at any other time.' There are many to whom this remark may be applied with equal propriety; and though their tongues are perpetually in motion, they seldom talk to any purpose. It is well if they deserve the negative merit of being innocent. For there are others who too often employ themselves in slander and detraction. Such cannot receive too severe reprehension. The man who either heedlessly or wilfully detracts from his neighbours goodname, should be regarded as an enemy to society. He is more to be dreaded than the thief or the robber; for if they deprive us of our property, the loss may be repaired. But when a good reputation is tarnished by the impure touch of the slanderer, it is not easily restored to its former lustre. The wilful slanderer should not be listened to for a moment. He should be avoided and discountenanced by every friend to social order. A. K.

## VARIETY.

*Reminiscence.*—When the town of Franklin in this state was incorporated, the name appropriated to it was selected in honor of Dr. Franklin. The Doctor was informed that the inhabitants were willing to build a steeple to their meeting-house, provided he would give them a bell. He advised them to spare the expense of a steeple at present, and to accept a donation of books, instead of a bell, sense being preferable to sound.—He then wrote to Dr. Price, requesting him to make out a list of Books to the value of about twenty-five pounds, such as were most proper to inculcate principles of sound religion and just government.

*SALADIN.*—Saladin, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominion enough of his own, was always ready, when occasion offered, to make free with those belonging to other people. At his return, without success, from the



siege of Mosul, in Syria, he seized the whole lordship of Edessa, in prejudice to the right of Nadir Eddin, the young prince who claimed it; and this he did on pretence that the late father of the prince had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies against the Soldan's interest.

Saladin, however, ordered that proper care should be taken of the injured prince's education; and, being desirous of observing what progress he made in his studies, he was brought one day before the Soldan, who asked him with much gravity, in what part of the Koran he was reading, "I am come," replied the prince, to the surprise of all who were present, "to that verse which informs me, that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a king, but a tyrant."

The Soldan was much startled at the turn and spirit of the repartee. However, after some pause and recollection, he returned the youth this generous answer;—"He who speaks with such resolution, will act with as much courage. I restore you, therefore, to your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence. [*Artless Magazine.*]

**BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.**—A gentleman long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in the front of a gin shop, facetiously termed it "The battle of A-gin-Court."

**Examination of a Witness.**—Q. Did you see the defendant throw the stone? A. I saw a stone, and I am pretty sure he threw it. Q. Was it a stone of considerable dimensions?—A. Why, it was considerable of a stone. Q. How large was it? A. I should say it was a largish stone. Q. What was its size? A. Why it was a sizeable stone. Q. Can't you answer definitely—how big was it? A. I should say it was a stone of some bigness. Q. You are a singular witness—can't you give the jury some idea of the stone? A. Why, as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone. Q. Can't you compare it with some other object? A. Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give my notion of the stone, I should say, as near as I can judge, it was as big as a piece of chalk.

**Difference.**—It is remarkable that men when they differ in any thing considerable, or which they think considerable, will be apt to differ in almost every thing else. Their differences beget contradiction; contradiction begets heat; heat quickly rises into resentment, rage, and ill will. Thus they differ in affections as they differ in judgment; and the contention that begins in pride ends in anger. [*Cato's Letter's.*]

Numa Pompilius thought the company of good men so great a pleasure, that he esteemed it preferable to a diadem—and when the Roman Ambassadors solicited him to accept of the gov-

ernment, he frankly declared, among other reasons for declining it, the conversation of men who assembled together to worship God, and to maintain an amiable charity, was his business and delight.

**A Sailor's description of Hunting.**—Going to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him. So when the swabber had rigged the horses, they brought me one to stew myself on board of—one that they told me was in such right trim, she would go as fast on any tact as a Faulsome cutter. So I got aloft and clapped myself athwart ship, and made as much way as the best o'em; and to the windward of a gravel pit, we espied a hare at anchor; and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came plump ashore upon a rock—the back stay broke—she pitched me over the fore-castle, came keel upwards and unshipped my shoulder, and hang me if I ever sail on land privateering again.

#### RIDDLES.

It is a most dangerous gift, and once caused a ten year's war—yet it is prized by many far above riches, and will often command them. **BEAUTY.**

It is the greatest friend of Man, never deceives him, and when united, never leaves him. **DEATH.**

It was before the creation; still exists in the depth of the sea, and on the earth; yet a child can destroy it in an instant. **SILENCE.**

It was the fault of Angels. It is the fault of Man.—But without it, Man's heart were almost broken.—**PRIDE.**

It is the greatest flatterer in the world; yet man would not live without it. It never leaves him, not even in death. **HOPE.**

Before the world was, it existed. Thousand's of people think themselves happy when employed with it.—Nothing can exist near it.—Half the world boast of seeing it every hour, but it never was seen. **NOTHING.**

It is in all seas, lakes and rivers; but not in liquids. In beasts but not in birds. In men and women, but not in infants. It is ever with fear, danger and death; but not in a coward.—It is in sickness and madness; tho' always in health. **LETTER E.**

**Gen. Morgan's test of a good Soldier.**—It was our good fortune, in conversation with the late Gen. Daniel Morgan, to elicit from that distinguished veteran, most interesting narratives of many of the most prominent events in the Revolutionary War.

While listening to the tale of the hardships and privations of our suffering soldiery, as to a tale of wonder, we asked the General which of the men, of the various nations composing the American armies, in his excellent judgment, possessed the best natural requisites for making good soldiers? Morgan replied; as to the fighting part of the matter, the men of all nations are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of the good soldier, give me the Dutchman; *He starves well.*

It is not a little remarkable, that the last survivor of the celebrated rifle corps, which Morgan led across the wintry wilderness of the Kennebec in 1775, and which corps suf-

fered an extremity of famine and hardships almost beyond belief, is a highly respectable German, a Mr. Laak, now resident at a very advanced age, in Washington, Va.

Economy is a lesson of nature, rather than of art. Nature implants in us certain necessities to the gratification of which she endeavors to confine us by means of economy; while art invents new wants for the gratification of which she carries us into extravagancies which exceed the means of many and the necessities of all.

Beauty, like nature's fairest flowers, blooms but to be gazed at and admired by the passing multitude. The beautiful woman seldom, if ever, finds happiness either in the company of flatterers, or untalented admirers. The one robs her of her natural gifts—making her forget the feelings of humanity and sincere love—to build her future hopes and happiness on the bloom of her cheek; the other makes her ridiculous by over-rating her acquirements, because she is a beautiful woman. The man of talents spurns the idea of stratagem, to obtain the affections of the woman he may love—he will not sacrifice his feelings or his good sense to the degrading resort of hypocrisy—but will at once avow his love, with all the ardour of his noble mind, without shading his confession with the colors of affectation.

**Dissimulation.**—When persons are in love, they put the best side outwards. A man who is desirous of pleasing takes a world of care to conceal his defects. A woman knows still better how to dissemble. Two persons often study for six months together how to bubble one another, and at last they marry and punish one another the remainder of their lives for their dissimulation.

**Russian Decree.**—A lady at court wore her hair rather lower in her neck than was consistent with the decree, and she was ordered into close confinement, to be fed on bread and water! A gentleman's hair fell a little over his forehead, while dancing at a ball; a police officer attacked him with rudeness and abuse, and told him, if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who would shave his head! When the Ukase first appeared, concerning the form of the hat, the son of an English merchant, with a view to baffle the police, appeared in the streets of Petersburg, having on his head an English hunting cap, at sight of which the officers were puzzled. "It was not a cocked hat," they said, "neither was it a round hat." In this embarrassment they reported the affair to the emperor. An Ukase was accordingly promulgated, and levelled at the hunting cap; but not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the emperor ordained, that "no person should appear in public with the thing on his head worn by the English merchant's son!!!"

## THE WREATH.

From the Boston Patriot.

The Maid that gaily walks the street,  
And chats with all the beaux ;  
The Maid, though handsome, comely, neat,  
Whom every body knows ;

The Maid that likes to be the belle,  
And frowns on every Maid  
Whose blushing eyes alone can tell  
That she's the young man's pride.

The Maid that blushes not to hear  
The grossest flattery ;  
That Maid, though beautiful she appear,  
Is not the Maid for me.

I love the Maid whose modest mien  
Bespeaks a feeling heart ;  
Who never from her sphere is seen  
One moment to depart.

O, she will make for any youth  
A faithful, loving wife ;  
With such a wife—a wife in sooth,  
He'll lead a happy life.

From Mrs. Colvin's Messenger.

Maid of the laughing eye !  
Think'st thou that eye will never feel  
The tear of sorrow from it steal,  
Or that it e'er will vie,  
As now it does, with brightest gem,  
That ever shone in diadem ?

Maid of the blushing cheek !  
Think'st thou, 'twill ne'er be blanched by care,  
That bloom will always flourish there,  
Or that misfortune's speak,  
Will never cloud life's horizon,  
Or cast a veil upon its sun ?

Maid of the flowing hair !  
Upon thy smooth and polished brow,  
Re-seated youth and beauty now ;  
Why is thy only care,  
These charms upon the world to cast ?  
The world that frowns when they are past.

Maiden ! look back on time ;  
Spring came in her array of flowers ;  
The Summer wind played through the bowers,  
And nature in each clime,  
Acknowledged Autumn's bounteous hand ;  
Till Winter waved his icy wand.

And Spring, in smiles again,  
Came with her flowers ; but can youth linger,  
When time has mark'd with ruthless finger,  
Thy fading beauty's wane ?  
No—Youth can never more return ;  
Maiden reflect !—a lesson learn.

## TAE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone, among the Highland hills  
Midst nature's wildest grandeur,  
By rocky dens, and woody glens,  
With weary steps I wander.  
The langsome way, the darksome day,  
The mountain mist sae rainy,  
Are nought to me when gaud to thee,  
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Von mossy rose-bud down the hove  
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,  
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,  
And's scarcely seen by ony :  
Sae sweet amidst her native hills  
Obscurely blooms my Jeany,  
Mair fair and gay than rosy May  
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,  
I view the distant ocean,  
There avarice guides the bounding prow  
Ambition courts promotion.  
Let Fortune pour, her golden store,  
Her laurel'd favors many  
Give me but this, my soul's best wish,  
The lass o' Arranteenie.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Air—Mozart.

Never shall my heart forget thee,  
Come what may of joy or ill ;  
Love ! the hour when first I met thee,  
Lives in memory still :  
Beauty's hallowed light was o'er thee—  
Music's spell was on thy tongue ;  
O ! to see, was to adore thee,  
Maid of Avinlonge.

Maid, the shades of night are falling,  
The blest hour of love draws nigh ;  
Like the voice of Beauty calling,  
Floats the bird-song by :  
Though our fond hearts Fate should sever,  
Darkly doom to pine alone,  
Still as first they lov'd, forever  
Should our souls love on !

Though from dreams of Hope awaking,  
I can scorn Fate's ire to me—  
Smile, though my own heart be breaking,  
If Fate wounds not thee :  
Never shall my lips deceive thee,  
My devotion ne'er decline ;  
Dearest ! until life shall leave me,  
My whole heart is thine.

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the blue bonnets are over the border.  
Many a banner spread flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story ;  
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for your queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from your hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.  
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms and march in good order ;  
England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

## SONG.

Charming woman is a treasure,  
Wine a vision false and vain ;  
Love refined is heavenly pleasure  
To a wise and tender Swain :

Whose sincere and sweet sensation  
Honor limits, reason rules :  
Love ennobles every station,  
But the station held by fools.

## THE PARTING SCENE.

Though dark waves roll between us  
And mountains intervene,  
There's nought can cheer the prospect drear,  
Since our last parting scene.

Thou little dreamt what anguish,  
Then wrung this tortured heart ;  
When first I heard that dreadful word,  
That we were doom'd to part.

I gazed upon thy face  
With agony intense,  
And with despair, read nothing there,  
But calm indifference.

And many years have fled,  
Since that sad parting hour ;  
And thoughts of thee, to trouble me,  
Have lost their former power.

Yet retrospective views,  
Will sometimes cross my brain ;  
Of pleasures past, too sweet to last,  
And ne'er to bloom again !

## BAD COUNSEL.

I had a cause that truth did fill,  
And into court I hid ;  
My counsel filed the cause so ill,  
I took the other side.

## O LET US LEAVE THE TOWN, MY LOVE.

O let us leave the town, my love,  
And lay us down by Yarrow's stream ;  
Where April gales adown the vales,  
Give softness to the shepherd's dream.

We'll quit the noise of public life,  
The city's cry, the city's care,  
Where simple love doth seldom rove,  
But walks with Spring on Yarrow fair

The grove thro' which we stray at morn  
Will with its music make us glad ;  
The yellow gleam of setting beam  
Will still a softer influence shed.

And evening, too, will bring its charms,  
Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,  
The moon's mild ray will sweetly play  
On Yarrow's waters as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,  
And wrap us in a golden dream,  
Tears of delight will dim the sight,  
And Yarrow will an Eden seem !

Then let us leave the town, my love,  
And lay ourselves by Yarrow's stream,  
Where Adril gales adown the vales  
Give softness to the lover's dream !

## THE SISTER'S ADIEU.

The moment is near, when the sail will be spread  
That shall bear thee to lands where war meets the  
stanger ;  
And the moment is near, when joy will have fled  
From her who proudly partook of thy danger.

Then remember, dear boy, where'er thou may'st roam,  
The heart that will turn to thy pathway of honor ;  
Remember, young soldier, the maid of thy home—  
Let, ev'n in the battle, thy thoughts be upon her.

Take the sword of thy sire, and true be the steel,  
As true as it was to thy father who won it.  
O ! does it not glisten as though it could feel  
The fierce eagle-like glance that once beam'd upon it ?

Go, go to the battle—be first in the fight ;  
Be true to the land which has joy'd to  
To lead on its hosts in the pride of their might—  
Go, go to the battle—and Heaven protect thee.

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